

Title: The Third Age of The Dreaming II

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"I am Valdyr, a
warrior of Khirgh. It
will be an honor
fighting with you, to
save this village."

"Valdyr, warrior of
Khirgh, I am simply
called Erurie.
Tonight we will attack
the monster. For
now, please, use my
home as your own.

Come, follow me," she
stated after a moment
and then started to
walk to the nearest
structure.

Erurie's home was
simple, two rooms,
adorned with candles
and tapestries. It
was.... breathtaking.

He looked at one
depicting a comet,
slicing the sky into
two parts, a full moon
being eclipsed. The
next was of a pale
man, surrounded by
flames. In the next
he saw.... himself?

Yes, there he was, the
silver hair, broad
shoulders, the grey on
black colored eyes,
everything. He took a
deep breath and
turned to Erurie.

"Who is that? He
looks like me... but
that tapestry is old...
older than I. How is it
that he looks like me?"

"Your destiny was
ordained before I was
even born Valdyr.

That man does not just
look like you, he is

you! You are one of the legendary warriors to save our world," she replied and went over to the makeshift stove.

"What? Just what do you mean, "legendary warrior"?"

"You are one of the great warriors, pure of heart, sent from the Heavens to save this world from the evil one born of fire. It is said that the great Ari was born in a flaming building. I had even once heard that his mother gave birth to him as he house she was in burnt down to cinders around her, killing her, yet the child was unscathed."

Valdyr stood there, dumbfounded by the news of his "destiny".

He knew he was a great warrior, but a legendary warrior sent from the Heavens? He just wasn't sure. Yet, there on the wall was his "destiny" and Erurie had been so calm about it all. It was as if she had known for ages, which on second thought, she probably had.

"Come, it is late now and the time for action is upon us," Erurie announced sometime later, then proceeded to walk out of the house.

Awaiting them outside was a dragon, with swirls of energy cascading around it. Valdyr charged it, knowing he'd survive to allow Erurie to cast

the spell. Slashing at it, he felt himself being repulsed and flew away from it. Again, he charged, and again, and again and again. Erurie, for her part, muttered incomprehensible words and then started to glow an old shade of blue.

Standing, her hair flew free from the buns that held it, and she closed her eyes. Pointing at the dragon, her chanting peaked and ended in an ear-shattering scream. A bolt of blue lightning shot from her hands and struck the dragon between the eyes. It fell, nearly crushing Valdyr. Erurie then passed out, falling to the ground. Valdyr stumbled over to her, quite exhausted from the battle. Even though he did not strike the dragon, he had quite the workout. He was tired.

Kneeling, he picked up Erurie, and was surprised at just how light she was. It was like picking up a feather or delicate flower. He carried her to her home, and on the way met up with an elf, who surprised him, and froze him in his tracks with a glare coated in pure evil. Valdyr prepared for the worst.